Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle: O you are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vse them so,
That heauens vault should cracke: O, she is gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
Shees dead as earth: Lend me a looking-glasse,
If that her breath will mist and staine the stone, she then liues.

Kent. Is this the promist end?

Edg. Or image of that horror? *Alb.* Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather stirs, she liues, if it be so, it is a chance that do's redeeme all sorrowes that euer I haue felt.

Kent A my good master.

Lear. Prethee away.

Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you murdrous traitors all, I might haue saued her, now shees gone for euer: *Cordelia, Cordelia,* stay a little. What ist thou sayst? her voice was euer soft, gentle & low, an excellent thing in women. I kild the slaue that was a hanging thee. *Cap.* 'Tis true my Lords hee did.

Lear. Did I not fellow? I ha seene the day, that with my biting Fauchion I would haue made them skip: I am old now, and these same crosses spoile me. Who are you? Mine eyes are none o'th best, Ile tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune bragd of two she loued or hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. Are not you *Kent*?

Kent. The same your seruant *Kent*, wher is your seruat *Caius*?

Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heel strike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
Haue followed your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hether.

Kent. Nor no man else: All's cheerelesse, darke, and deadly.
Your eldest daughters haue fore-doom'd themselues,

And desperately are dead.

Alb. He knowes not wha
That we present vs to him.

Edgar Very bootlesse.

Cap: Edmund is dead my

Alb: Thats but a trifle h
know our intent, what co
applied: for vs we will resig
to him our absolute power,
such addition as your hono
shall taste the wages of thei
deseruings: O see, see.

Lear. And my poore foo
a dog, a horse, a rat haue life
wilt come no more, neuer, n
thanke you sir, O, o, o, o, o.

Edg. He faints, my Lord,

Lear: Breake heart, I pret

Edg: Looke vp my Lord

Kent: Vex not his ghost,
he hates him much, that wo
Of this tough world stretch

Edg: O he is gone indeed.

Kent: The wonder is, he h
He but vsurpt his life.

Duke: Beare them from h
Is to generall woe: friends
Rule in this kingdome, and

Kent: I haue a iourney sir
My master cals, and I must n

Duke The waight of this
Speake what we feele, not w
The oldest haue borne mos
Shall neuer see so much, nor

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